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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 16th FEBRUARY, 1889.

VOL. II.—No. 33.

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MADAME ALBANIGYE, (NÉE EMMA LAJEUNESSE.)
THE CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA ASSOLUTA.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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16th FEBRUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Hon. Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
President of the Bank of Montreal, Governor
Hudson's Bay Company, etc., etc.

Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal
Harbour Commissioners; President Royal
Canadian Insurance Company; President
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Montreal.

Adam Skaife, Esq., of J. H. R. Molson & Co.,
Montreal.

Gust. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Ottawa.

Applications for shares should be sent at once
to the undersigned, as we expect to close the stock
list in a few days.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.

OUR FIRST VOLUME.

An analysis of the index, which we are sending out with this number, shows the thoroughly National character of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Volume I. contains 321 engravings. Of these 37 are reproductions of works of art, 27 comic cuts, 28 reprints of interesting pictures from foreign papers, and 229 original Canadian subjects, including 68 portraits of distinguished Canadians and 141 views of Canadian scenery and architecture! We draw special attention to this, as redeeming the promises of our Prospectus, and this policy we intend to continue. Our letter press

pages are equally National in subject-matter and tone, and have been pointed out by our contemporaries as "breathing in every line the true spirit of Canadianism." Our Prospectus said we would be "Canadian to the marrow!" We would not, and could not, be anything else.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US ABROAD.

It is pleasant to receive such unsolicited and flattering notices as the following, culled from our Foreign exchanges:—

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.—Messrs. John Haddon & Co., of 3 and 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, have secured the sole London agency for this excellent Canadian weekly illustrated journal. The issues which we have seen, certainly place the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED in the very front rank of journals of its class. Two of the numbers before us relate particularly to the inauguration of the 27½ feet channel in the St. Lawrence; and the views of the scenery along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and of the principal participants in the ceremony, are far superior to any that English illustrated journals, such as the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* are in the habit of providing for their readers. They are all taken direct from photographs by a new process, and certainly form a marked improvement upon the old methods of illustrating current events. The portraits of Mr. Andrew Robertson, Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, and of Sir Hector Langevin, Dominion Minister of Public Works, are speaking likenesses, and the other engravings are, to our own knowledge, wonderfully complete and accurate. If subsequent issues maintain the same high artistic standard, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED should find many subscribers in this country as well as in Canada. The Canadian subscription is \$4 per annum.

The Canadian Gazette.

London, Eng., January 24, 1889.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, that most creditable Canadian weekly publication, still continues to improve in excellence. Its portraits, illustrations and pictures are of a very high order indeed, and Canada is to be congratulated upon the production of such an admirable journal. The beauty of Canadian scenery is brought before the eye in a graphic and picturesque way; and in this feature alone, the good which such a paper can accomplish in advertising the Dominion cannot be too highly estimated.

The Colonies and India.

London, Eng., January 9, 1889.

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS IN CANADA.—We shall be doing a kindness to those of our readers who do not regularly receive papers from Canadian friends, if we draw their attention to the vast improvement taking place in the northern land in the matter of illustration. Foremost among these stands the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, a weekly venture, which deserves every encouragement. We emphatically pronounce it the peer, if not the superior, of any similar production in America. Not only do such splendidly illustrated works tend to recall vividly the memory of places and things once familiar to us; but for those living in Canada, they do a good work in fostering a spirit of honest national pride. Indeed it would be a credit to any country, even though dating back its civilization a thousand years. How much more creditable then is it to a young country like Canada—the youngest of like population on the continent—to be keeping so well abreast of the times in artistic literary products.

The Canadian American.

Chicago, December 28, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Chief Justice Allen's knighthood appears in the London *Gazette* of the 6th.

Hector Mackenzie, an old officer who accompanied Dr. Rae on the Franklin expedition, died at Winnipeg yesterday.

Julien Pauncefoot, permanent under-secretary of state for the Foreign office, has been appointed British Minister to the United States. The report is credited at the Foreign Office.

Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the member for East York, and Mrs. Laurier will continue this session the Saturday evening receptions which were so popular among Liberal members last year.

Robert Baldwin Moodie, the western representative of the Intercolonial Railway, and son of the late Mrs. Susanah Moodie, one of the best known of Canadian writers, died on Sunday, aged 45 years.

Allan Sandfield Macdonald, who claimed to be a relative of the late Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, died in destitute circumstances at Portage la Prairie on Saturday, his wants having been attended to by the St. Andrew's Society.

Chief McGregor, of the Cape Crocker band of Indians, has been here for several days searching for the title to three reserves, which he contends were set apart as hunting grounds for his band when the Huron and Saugeen districts were surrendered to the Government. One of these reserves, he says, lies on the Blue Mountains, near Thornbury; another on the Maitland River, and the third in the county of Bruce.



In London the new Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company is registered to take over the old concern, with a capital of £180,000 in £1 shares.

The Glace Bay Mining Company have declared a 4 per cent. dividend. An offer of D. J. Kennelly, on behalf of an American syndicate, to buy out the company at 75 cents on the dollar par value of shares, was declined. Thus the Glace Bay Company refuses to be swallowed up by the monopoly that seeks to control the Cape Breton coal mines.

The standing of parties in the Senate may be gathered from the fact that of the eighty members of that body, seventy-one are appointees of Sir John Macdonald, and only nine owe their seats to a Reform Government. Senator Ryan, who is ill in Montreal, is one of the original members of the Senate, and probably the oldest, being eighty-four years of age.

Sir George E. Baden Powell, who came over with Sir Donald A. Smith, left Ottawa last week for Vancouver. He says that he is taking the trans-continental trip with the object of observing the work of the Canadian Pacific Railway in winter. He favours the trans-Pacific steamship project, and has reason to believe that the Imperial Government will grant pecuniary assistance.

There is a sign of the times in the news coming to us from the South that John P. Richardson, one of the largest planters in Louisiana, was lately in South Carolina in quest of labourers, and has already sent several hundreds of coloured men to his Louisiana plantation. He agrees to give these emigrants half of what they make on land leased from him, and pays their passage to their new homes.

The latest advices from Ottawa have encouraged those wishing a first-rate Atlantic service. It is well understood there that, without this, an Imperial mail service is practically inoperative on the lines of the new contract. The movement for a fortnightly, instead of a monthly, Pacific service gains strength, although it will not be pushed too vigorously until the success of the monthly service is assured.

Regarding the increase of coal freights from Spring Hill to Montreal, it is stated, on behalf of the Intercolonial management, that the Intercolonial has been carrying coal to the Upper Provinces, for some years, at three-tenths of a cent the mile. This was found to be much less than cost and, after due notice to the companies interested, the rate was advanced, on February 1st, to four-tenths of a cent a ton the mile. The rate is less than that of the Grand Trunk, which is about six-tenths of a cent a ton the mile.

A cable despatch from London says that the report of the Bank of British Columbia for the meeting on February 20 recommends a dividend of 6 per cent. Five thousand pounds have been added to the reserve fund and £6,452 carried forward. The directors regret the death of Sir John Rose, but have much pleasure in stating that Sir Charles Tupper has consented to come forward for the vacant directorship. T. S. Gillespie is recommended for the other vacancy on the board.

This direct connection of the High Commissioner with one of Canada's leading institutions is regarded as an advantage to Canadian financial interests there.

The question of Houses of Industry has been occupying the attention of the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Meredith suggested a general adoption of the manual labour test in the case of those admitted, as statistics proved that such a test had the benefit of greatly reducing their numbers. He would, however, gladly endorse any project ameliorating the condition of the deserving poor. Hon. Mr. Hardy followed at some length, stating that wherever poorhouses had been established the general consensus of public opinion was that they had served a good end. He complained of a growing disposition upon the part of municipalities to shirk the responsibility by endeavouring to have their indigent supported at the expense of the province.

The economical reforms in the Queen's household, to which it is said the Prince of Wales has been decidedly opposed, have revealed a couple of queer facts. The custom has been to present Epiphany offerings of "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," on behalf of the sovereign, at the altar of the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. The offering was supposed to consist of fifty sovereigns, until Prince Albert, who had a keen scent for abuses, once went to the vestry before the services and opened the box, where he found ten shillings only. It was explained that an old habit gave the rest of the money to certain officials as perquisites. Another queer custom appropriated, at the beginning of each year, fifty-two bottles of royal Madeira, whereby the officiating clergy at St. James' were supposed to regale themselves each Sunday after morning service. Yet none of the clergy had ever seen a drop of it.

THE GREAT LAKES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Under this title we have received a paper, reprinted from *The Canadian Record of Science*, for January, 1889, by A. T. Drummond, wherein that learned geologist discusses with learning and clearness the origin and formation of the great lakes that form the mighty chain of waterways which make the St. Lawrence the mightiest river in the world. The author distinguishes three centres of depression in the bygone history of these lakes, and, after a number of general considerations, he examines each lake in turn, giving due prominence to Lake Superior on account of its being so distinct from the others in its origin. He next examines Lakes Huron, Michigan and Ontario. Then he is very full on the Niagara Escarpment, which nearly fronts the southern side of Lake Ontario, passes around its immediate westerly end, and then, facing to the northeast, continues N.W. until it forms the features of the Bruce Peninsula between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. The dip of the strata is from the Escarpment north of Hamilton, and on the Manitoulin Islands, to and under the waters of Lake Huron. This Niagara Escarpment, in its eastern course from the western end of Lake Ontario, lies parallel to the axis of that lake, while, in the other direction, it conforms generally to the outcrop that, more or less, characterizes the outcrops of all the formations which, as it were concentrically surround and underlie the coal measures of Michigan. Sir William Logan, in the *Geology of Canada*,

points out the resemblance of the Niagara Escarpment, in places, to an ancient sea cliff. He also shows that it would need only a depression of 442 feet to bring the ocean into Lake Ontario, by way of the Hudson River and the Mohawk Valley, as well as by the St. Lawrence, and to flood the whole of Central Ontario. After devoting a couple of learned pages to Lakes Erie and St. Clair, Mr. Drummond sums up the conclusions of his paper in this wise:

That glaciers, while contributing to the results, had not much effect in making the lake basin deeper, or in shaping the present general outlines. That the superficial deposits are the accumulations of denudation during immense periods of time since the Carboniferous and earlier eras, and are not to be specially credited to the operation of glaciers. That Lake Superior is the most ancient of the lakes, dating its origin as far back as Cambrian, Keweenawan and Huronian times; that it is, in part at least, a synclinal trough; that volcanic action has had most to do with its origin and the shaping of its coasts; that its early outlet was through the depression in Whitefish Bay and that its waters joined the great pre-glacial river system at or near the Straits of Mackinac. That Lakes Michigan, Huron and Ontario were originally the bed of a pre-glacial river which first crossed the Ontario Peninsula along the Niagara Escarpment, and afterward was diverted to a course by way of Long Point, on Lake Erie and the Dundas valley; that their basins were largely defined by the elevation of the Niagara and Hudson River Escarpments, and in more recent times by warping of the strata and deposit of superficial sands and clays which blocked the old river channels and resulted in the lake basins retaining their water on the final elevation of the land to its present general levels. That the Pre-glacial River System expanded in time into smaller lakes in each of the present basins of Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario; that Lakes Erie and St. Clair are the most recent of the Lakes, and have at one time been more closely united, and that the formation of this united lake was due to the blocking of the old outlets both by superficial deposits and warping of the strata, and to the water being thus retained in the basin on the final elevation of the land to the levels of to-day. That great fractures at or near the outcrops of the strata occasioned by the directions of the forces which elevated the strata, originated, in many instances, the deep bays and inlets which indent the Niagara and Hudson River Escarpments and rocky coast lines of Lakes Michigan and Huron, these effects being afterward supplemented by the action of waves, currents, atmospheric causes and probably local glaciers. That since the elevation of the land to the levels of to-day, the action of waves and currents on the clay cliffs and sand deposit has, in many places, greatly rounded off the general outlines of the coast, and the material from this and other sources has been spread over the lakes, or has served to create new features in the coast line elsewhere.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
—*Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

What we may call audience-manners is a neglected branch of etiquette. Allusion was made in a former letter to the persecution of artists by thoughtless and persistent *encores*. At present I desire to protest against whispering at concerts.

In the midst of one's enjoyment of a brilliant passage, to be disturbed by whispering jars painfully upon every nerve. Such conduct is in utter disregard of the pleasure of such as would like to enjoy the music, to say nothing of the poor compliment it is to the performers. Under the circumstances, the audience probably cares very little as to whether Mrs. Catnip's children have the measles, or whether she uses lard in frying. Even music hath not charms to soothe my savage breast when thus disturbed. At a recent concert I did myself the pleasure of staring one conversational female out of countenance several times.

I think an act of uniformity ought to be passed with reference to that very perplexing dance, the Lancers. As with the "seven wonders of the world," no two persons know it the same way. Probably the best rule, in cases of uncertainty, is to keep one's eyes open and one's joints limber, and go through it with a stiff upper lip. The lancers is very pretty to look at, but it is not much to dance. What whist is to cards generally, so is the lancers to dancing. Each is a ceremony of more or less solemnity, to which the terms game in the one case, and dance in the other, have been indecorously and disrespectfully applied.

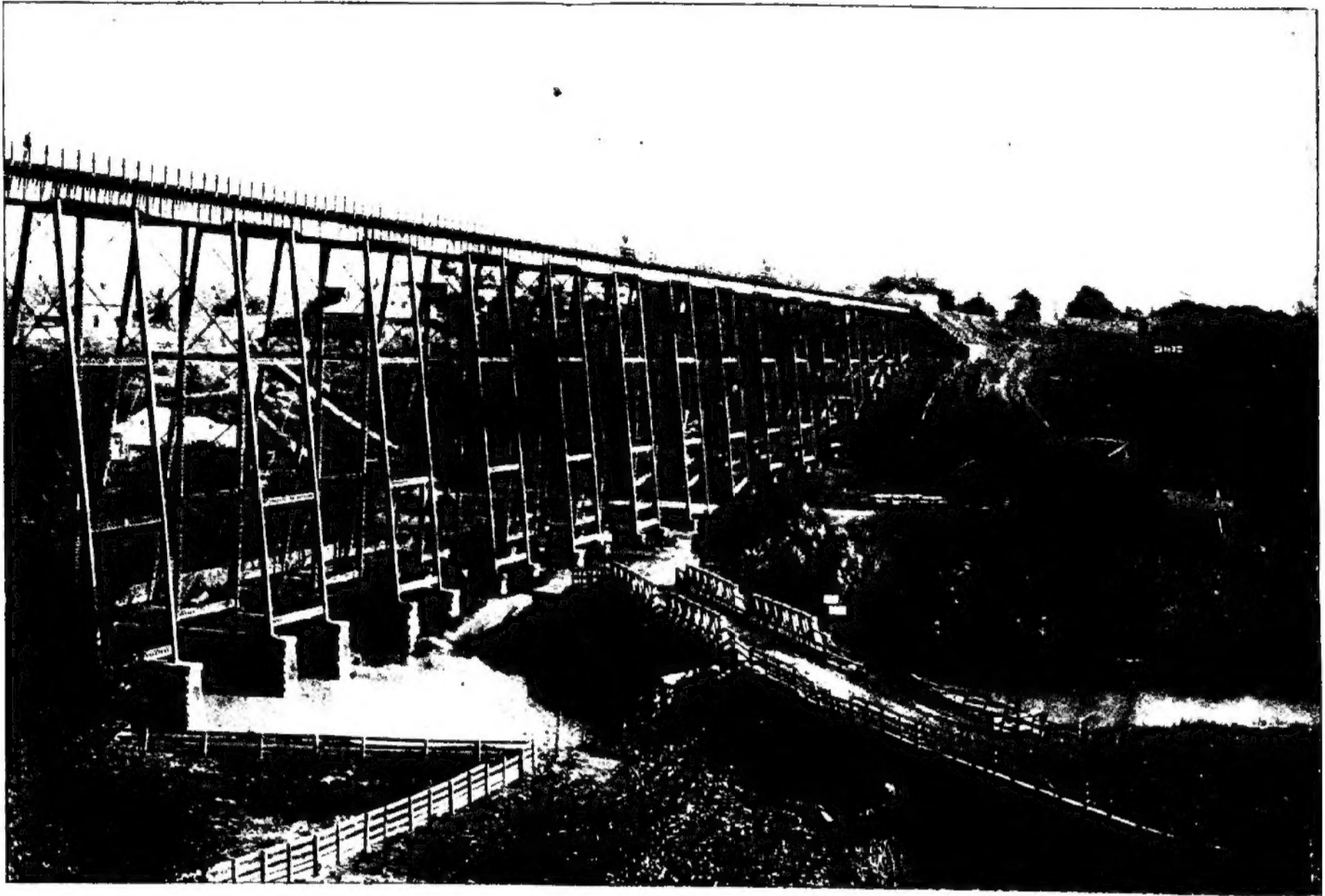
The gentleman who recently lectured on Fools, ought next to turn his attention to Bores. There is a wide field open to him. The place of honour would probably be given to the egotist, with his everlasting "I," who (according to his own account) has never failed, in all his experience, to "bring down the house." Sometimes we almost wish he would—about his ears. Then there is the man who interrupts—the individual who strikes into the conversation like a clock. But these are not the only bulls in the conversational chinchashop. There is the well-meaning but absent-minded person, who cannot, for the life of him, recall the exact word he wants, while his hearers wait painfully, sympathizing with his mental throes. There is the conversational clown, at whom one smiles as often in commiseration as in amusement. And, finally, there is the man whose voice is like the sound of many waters, and who talks so loudly as to drown all minor attempts at conversation in a perfect avalanche of sound.

For a long time the better class of actors have borne the accusations and denunciations of the pulpit silently. But they are beginning to assert, with no uncertain sound, that they (no less than their accusers) value their good name. There have recently occurred several instances in point. It is to be presumed that theatrical dignitaries are as much opposed to "scenes" as to theatres. At all events, we read, not long ago, of a scene enacted in a church, where a distinguished actress (Clara Morris, I think it was), rose to the defence of her profession, and contradicted the preacher's accusations on the spot. The tendency of human nature to "backslide" is shown, no doubt, by the fact that the majority of the congregation sided with the attractive actress. And it was only the other day we read that the new Actors' Club in New York had refused to receive Col. Robert Ingersoll, on the ground that he is irreligious. Without going so far as to say, with certain philosophers, "whatever is, is right," I am, nevertheless, inclined to believe that whatever is *necessary* is right. All art, I think, is necessary to what Matthew Arnold used to call "the life of the spirit." Like other institutions that are good in themselves, the theatre may, of course, be perverted, but in itself, I think, it is good, necessary and right.

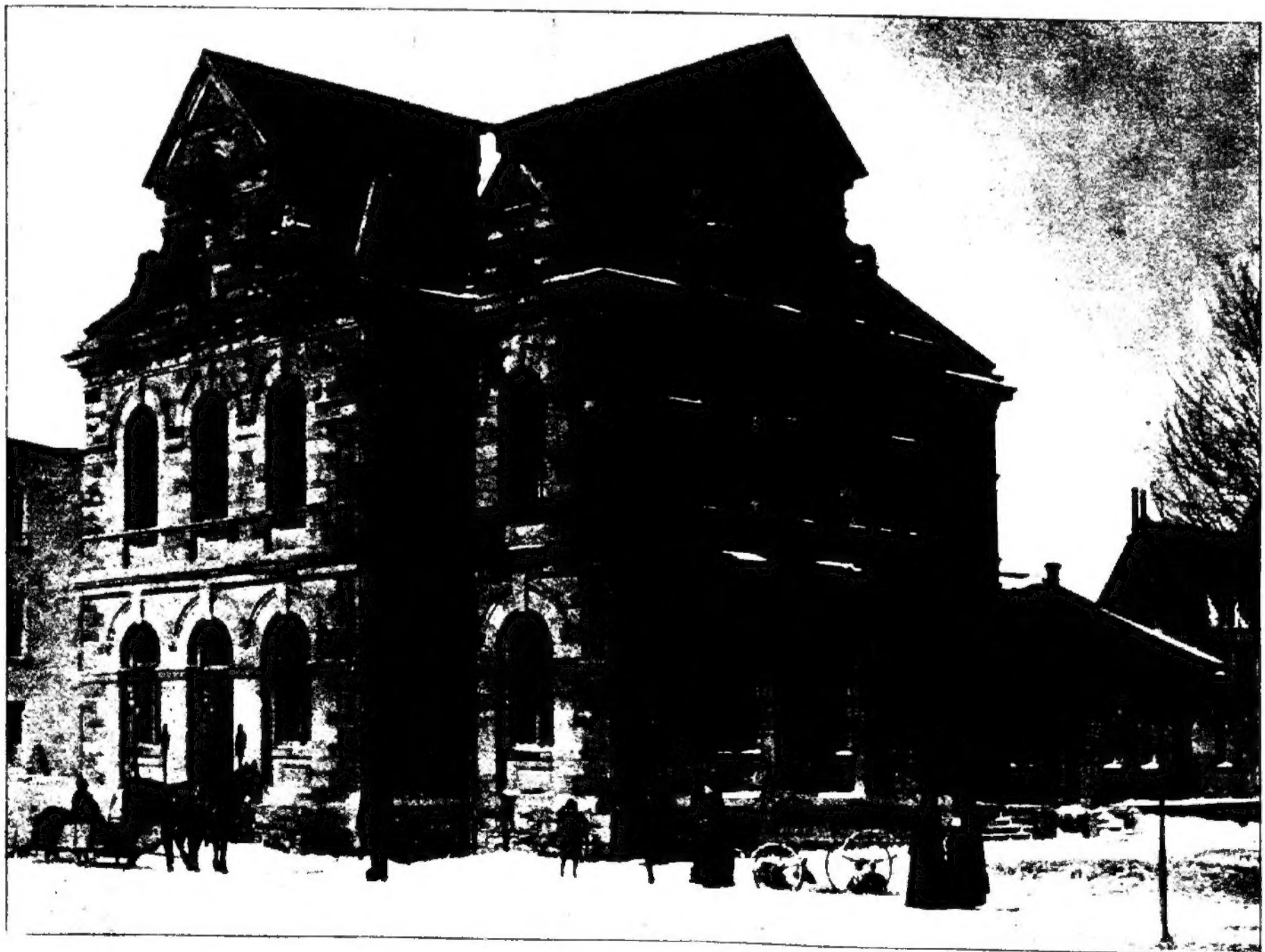
Out of respect to the commercial metropolis of our good land, I shall conclude with a little acrostic upon the Carnival:

Canada's gala, hither and behold!
Arrayed she gleams in silver touched with gold:
Rifling her treasures from the silvery skies,
Nightly the while the golden rockets rise.
In other lands dim winter lowers drear,
Varied and many are her beauties here.
Ascribe with shout and bells metallic chime,
Loudly, the praises of our festal time.

It is proposed to establish shortly a Royal Military College *Gazette*, to be edited by a committee.



CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.
From a photograph by Scott & Hopkins.



POST OFFICE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.
From a photograph by Scott & Hopkins.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



"SILVER BIRCH," IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

From a photograph by Henderson.



"ICE CUTTING AND HARVESTING."

From a photograph by Notman.



CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE.—This handsome iron and steel structure was built for the Canada Southern division of the Michigan Central Railway in 1883, and is a trifle over 100 feet above the stream beneath, is very long and double tracked. This bridge spans one of the most romantic ravines to be found in Southern Ontario. It winds around nearly three sides of the city of St. Thomas, securing for it a natural drainage, thus giving it the name, as it is, of one of the healthiest cities in the Dominion.

ST. THOMAS POST OFFICE.—St. Thomas possesses probably the finest Government building in the Dominion, according to the size of the city. It is built of Credit Valley brown stone and was completed in 1885, at a cost of \$50,000. Customs, Inland Revenue and Weights and Measures Offices are also in the same building. It stands upon the site lately occupied by the old Knox Church, the manse of which is partially seen in the rear. As a sign of the literary and commercial standing of this vicinity, the following partial amount of matter mailed at this office for the week ending September 15th, 1888, speaks: No. of letters, 17,030; postal cards, 9,692; trans. papers, books, circulars, 8,473.

ICE-CUTTING.—Another familiar scene on the St. Lawrence River during winter. The saws and the spades do the work, and the sleds for the hauling to the outhouses throughout the town. The St. Lawrence never fails in its supply, but the Lachine Canal furnishes the finest ice, where it is always chosen for the Ice Castles of the carnival.

HON. HONORÉ MERCIER.—The First Minister of Quebec is from a family that came from France to Montmagny, and thence removed to Iperville. He is the son of J. B. Mercier, of St. Athanase, by Marie Catherine Laflamme, and was born in that village on the 15th October, 1840. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and has been twice married—once to Miss Leopoldine Boivin, and again to Miss Virginie St. Denis, of St. Hyacinthe. Mr. Mercier was called to the Bar in 1867; was one of the Directors of the National Party in 1872; editor, from 1862 to 1864, and again in 1866, of *Le Courrier de St. Hyacinthe*, a Conservative paper; sat in the Commons for Rouville from 1872 to 1874; was then returned to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, where he was Solicitor-General for a few months in the Joly Government. He has since been re-elected twice for St. Hyacinthe. He formed a government in 1887, being Attorney-General.

HON. COL. RHODES.—The new Minister of Agriculture has been only a few months in office, and is chiefly known for his military services, his success in the cultivation of flowers, and his aptitude and taste for agricultural pursuits generally.

HON. PIERRE GARNEAU.—This gentleman, bearing the honoured name of the Historian of Canada, was born at Cap Santé, in May, 1823. He is a wealthy merchant, being President of the Quebec Steamship Company; director La Banque Nationale; director Quebec Fire Assurance Company; of the Q. L. St. John L. & T. Co.; of the Debery Gold Mining Co.; president of the Quebec Street Railway; a member of the Board of Trade. He was Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works in 1874, and then of Crown Lands. He was then appointed a member of the Legislative Council in 1887, and is now Commissioner of Crown Lands.

HON. C. A. E. GAGNON.—The Provincial Secretary was born at River Ouelle in 1846. He is a notary by profession; made Provincial Secretary in 1887 and sits for Kamouraska.

HON. A. TURCOTTE.—The Provincial Attorney General, an office to which he was appointed in 1887, was born in 1745. He has been several years in public life and is set down in the "Parliamentary Companion" as an Independent Conservative.

HON. DAVID A. ROSS.—This gentleman, who is a Minister without portfolio, sits in the Upper House. He is a distinguished lawyer and of the best Quebec stock. He has been some time in public life.

HON. G. DUHAMEL.—The Solicitor-General was born in 1855. He is an advocate. Entered the Cabinet in 1887.

HON. F. G. MARCHAND.—The Speaker of the Assembly was born in 1832. He is a man of letters and a perfect gentleman. He has represented St. Johns for many years and served under M. Joly. He has been Speaker since 1887.

CHECKMATED.—Here is another exquisite engraving such as one would look for in vain outside the pages of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The scene is plainly the age of Louis XV. and we are in the porch of a country chateau, with the golden sconces, the open casement, the looped curtains, the white roses on the table, and the vine wreathing the pillar of the portico. She is a handsome swain, with the curly hair, cape and sash of silken white. He is all in white and awaiting her sentence. Checkmated, forsooth! Ah! the dreams of love and happiness in the springtime of youth and beauty. May the girl that is mated in chess be mated in another sense, and may the blessing of heaven rest on the handsome twain.

MME. ALBANI.

A FULL HISTORY OF HER MUSICAL CAREER.

BY JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

On the occasion of the second, as I did on that of the first visit to Montreal, after many years of absence, of Mme. Albani-Gye, I have thought it fit to compile a full and authentic history of her brilliant career, drawn from first-hand sources. With this view I put myself in communication with one who knows her more intimately than any one else; who followed her from infancy to the day of her brightest triumphs, and who has authority to speak beyond any living person. From him I got the full records out of which I drew copious notes that I have woven into a continuous narrative herewith submitted to her country people in Canada.

I.

Marie Louise Emma Cécile Lajeunesse was born at Chambly, Quebec, on the 27th September, 1847. Her father, Joseph Lajeunesse, of the ancient family de St. Louis, was Professor of Music and Organist. Her mother, Emméline Mignault, was her first musical teacher, from the age of four to five years. At the age of two and a half years, Emma, helped by her younger sister, Cornelia, sang by heart slight melodies, in a clear, strong and brilliant voice. When her father played on the violin, she repeated every note with surprising facility and rapidity.

At the age of four Emma was of a sweet and playful disposition, and quite docile to the teachings of her mother, who began by making her vocalize easy melodies and learn the accompaniments on the pianoforte. She next taught her the first principles of music. When she was five years old her father took her to Plattsburg, N.Y., where he placed her in an English school, kept by a lady of the name of Moore. M. Lajeunesse, who dwelt at the Hotel Fouquet, went daily to give his daughter a music lesson. He put into her hands Bertini's complete method for the piano. The child practised five hours a day, and gave four or five pages of the author at each lesson.

This is the manner in which the father conducted her lessons. He made her analyze the value of the notes, practise very slowly, and never allowed her to touch a note before having seen it in the book. He made her observe the fingering with the greatest exactness, and count aloud without ever slowing or pressing the movement.

From the 1st September, 1853, to the 1st of the following January, she went over the whole of Bertini's method, with the exception of the last pages, where there are octaves which she could not reach owing to the small size of her hands. During that time she began to speak English and to read English and French.

At the age of six she read easily, at first sight, easy pieces of vocal and instrumental music. Every evening also she practised on the harp with her father. About the same time her father went further and assigned her a professor of Greek, from whom she learned all the elements in the space of one year. From this exercise she acquired the facility of singing in Maltese, Russian and other foreign tongues.

At six and a half years her father gave her a difficult study of Bertini, which she rehearsed every morning before breakfast, from seven to nine, during three months. At the age of seven she lost her mother and her father left the United States to return to Montreal with his family. There she continued to make astonishing progress on the piano and harp and in vocal concerts.

At the age of nine Emma entered the Sacred Heart Convent, at Sault-au-Récollet, with her sister Cornelia, and her father was appointed one of the professors of the house. There she kept on her promising course.

II.

At the age of fifteen Emma went to Saratoga Springs, where she was offered the position of organist by Grand Vicar Conroy, later Bishop of Albany, while she also became professor of singing and the piano in the Sacred Heart Convent,

Kenwood. There she laboured for three years, till, by her own savings and those of her father, the help of the Bishop, the proceeds of a concert and \$300 presented her by the churchwardens for services rendered, she left for New York and sailed to Paris. There she made the acquaintance of Mme. Lafitte, who introduced her to Prince Poniatowski, and he advised her to go to Milan, with the view of studying, under the great Lamperti, for Italian Opera. Having perfected herself in the counterpoints and on the organ, her progress under him was so bright and sure that she accepted a flattering offer from Messina. At this point it may be interesting to give the true account of her change of name. It had nothing to do with the city of Albany. That is a mere coincidence, and nothing more. She chose the name because of the Italian jealousy of foreign names, and selected that of the House of Albani as short, simple and sonorous.

III.

Mlle. Albani appeared at Messina as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula," and from that first trial, in 1870, her success was established. She next appeared at Aci Reale, near Catania; then at Malta, and, in 1871, was summoned to London by Mr. Gye (the elder), manager of the Royal Italian Opera. She was forthwith engaged for three years, and returned to Milan for a fuller course under Lamperti. The very next winter she appeared in "Mignon" at La Pergola, and in the same year made her *début* in London as *Amina*. The words of Lamperti came true, "that he was sending forth the most accomplished musician and the most finished singer in style that ever left his study."

The next two seasons were spent in London, and in 1877 she made her first appearance in Paris in "La Sonnambula," "Lucia," "Linda," "Rigoletto" and "I Puritani." She carried the gay capital by storm in "Lucia," and received the compliments of Mario, and her old teacher, Duprez. This success opened every opera house on the continent to the *diva*. She went to Russia and received a shower of ovations from that music loving people. In 1881 Mlle. Albani attempted the music of Wagner, in "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," and there again her success was unequivocal. She walked a queen through the realms of "The Niebelungen Lied," and since then our artist has gone on from triumph to triumph, and, to-day, there is no more available singer on the stage or in oratorio, with a sound constitution, a voice as bell-like as ever, an artistic feeling as tender and poetic as in youth, and all the tokens of a long career of glory in store. We rejoice exceedingly that she visited her native land once more, and that her people rose *en masse* to acclaim her transcendent genius.

Prima Donna Assoluta.

TO MME. EMMA ALBANI.

O voice! First heard beside the Richelieu,
In playful childhood's bubbling laughs and moans,
Thou circlest grandly 'thwart the polytones
Of woman's passion ever sweet and true!
Soft as the water lapsing through the weir,
Loud as the chiming of cathedral bells,
Pure as love's whispers 'mid the asphodels,
And as the peal of clarions strong and clear;
Thou art *Amina* at the water wheel,
The hapless Gilda and poor Marguerite,
Mignon distraught upon the village street,
And Lucia dying in a wild appeal!
Now that thou comest in thy prime to me,
O voice divine! I bow and worship thee.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

ET SES JOLIS YEUX DOUX.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

The representation of the Nativity was carved in pearl by a Catholic Arab in Bethlehem, and was blessed on the tomb of Our Lord. This sacred work of art was secured by Father Halligan of St. Mary's, Pawtucket, R.I., on his recent visit to the Holy Land.

It has just been discovered that two pictures in the British National Gallery, one the "Reconciliation of the Romans and the Sabines," and the other "The Continence of Scipio," were put into the wrong frames, so that each has been labelled with the name of the other for several years.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

My column, this week, will be given up wholly to verse, and it could not be set to better purpose. The following, sent me by Professor Roberts, is from the thoughtful little pen of Sophie M. Almon:

SOOTHING.

I aimless wandered thro' the woods, and flung
My idle limbs upon a soft brown bank,
Where, thickly strewn, the worn-out russet leaves
Rustled a faint remonstrance at my tread.
The yellow fungi, shewing pallid stems,
The mossy lichen creeping o'er the stones
And making green the whitened hemlock-bark,
The dull wax of the woodland lily-bud,
On these my eye could rest, and I was still.
No sound was there save a low murmured cheep
From an ambitious nestling, and the slow
And oft-recurring splash of myriad waves
That spent their strength against the unheeding shore.
Over and through a spreading undergrowth
I saw the gleaming of the tranquil sea.
The woody scent of mosses and sweet ferns,
Mingled with the fresh brine, and came to me,
Bringing a laudanum to my ceaseless pain;
A quietness stole in upon me then,
And o'er my soul there passed a wave of peace.

SOPHIE M. SALMON.

The next paragraph is given to a new poet from New Brunswick, whose coming is hailed, both because of the charm of his lines, and because of the graceful theme which he has chosen for his song.

TO CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

In the sky there is many a star,
But the wan West is showing
That a planet has journeyed afar
And is gleaming and glowing
Over space out of sweep of our sight,
While we grope on resigning
Blinded eyes to the need of the night—
Since in some sky it is shining.

In my heart there is many a song
That is born with its beating,—
But no strain seems transcendently strong
When my heart gives a greeting:
It is heard,—and the silence that falls
When it passes sound's portal,
Is the sign it surmounted earth's walls
And is somewhere immortal.

But I send up my song to the star
That is gleaming and glowing,—
And the woes of my weaknesses are
As excuse for its going,—
To foreshadow to waiters for long
One clear star that will never
Lose its place in the heaven of song,
But will shine on forever!

WALTER L. SAWYER.

The following is Mr. Sawyer's, written from the office of the *Progress*, of which he is one of the editors:

The Editor THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, Montreal,
DEAR SIR,—If it shall seem to you that the enclosed verses have any value aside from their application, I shall be glad to have you introduce them to a larger audience. In the meantime, let me congratulate you on the potency and promise of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. It has, editorially, broadness of view and a firmness of touch that ought, altogether aside from its contributed excellencies, commend it to every Canadian.

Respectfully yours,

WALTER L. SAWYER.

These verses have never been published, of course; only set up and proved.

Our paper, last week, on Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as the first of English sonneteers, has set many a reader thinking, and I have been asked to name the greatest of all writers of sonnets. The answer is quite easy. Petrarch. I gave already, some weeks ago, his sixtieth sonnet, which is possibly the finest of all and the model for all time—wherein he turns his face to God after a life of fleeting love. It will bear repetition.

SONNETTO XI.

Io son sì stanco sotto 'l fascio antico
Delle mie colpe et dell' usanza ria,
Ch' i' temo forte di mancar tra via,
E di cadere in man del nemico mio.
Ben venne a dilivarmi un grande amico
Per somma ed ineffabil cortesia;
Poi volò fuor della veduta mia,
Sì ch' a mirarlo indarno m'affatico.
Ma la sua voce ancor quaggiù rimbomba,
O voi che travagliate, ecco 'l cammino;
Venite a me se 'l passo altri non serra.
Qual grazia, qual amore o qual destino
Mi darà penne in guisa di colomba,
Ch' i' mi riposi, e levimi da terra.

Hardly less perfect, if at all, is Petrarch's first sonnet, which he calls "Proemio," or the introduction to his series of ninety sonnets. In it, as the reader will observe, is the thoughtful view of human life and the utter hollowness of human things. The six last lines are supremely beautiful, because steeped in tears.

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand' era in parte altro uom da qual ch' i' sono;
Del vario stile, in ch' io rianco e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,
Ovè sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono,
Ma ben veggì' or si come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo; onde sovente
Di me medesimo meco mi vergogno:
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,
E 'l pentirsi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

For any one who wishes to cultivate the sonnet, the most beautiful of all shapes of verse, it would be worth while to learn Italian and study Petrarch.

TALON.

MOUNT VERNON.

This is a goal of pilgrimage for every good American. It was bought by national subscription, and each of the thirteen States, forming the first Union, undertook to furnish a room according to the fashion of the time. Every possible memorial and object belonging to Washington has been gathered there. In a glass-case is precious stored the diary which the Father of his Country kept of the events of his Mount Vernon Home, taking notes of the weather, and giving instructions to his gardener. Mount Vernon is quite a simple country seat, only one storey in height. At the foot of the hill is the tomb in which the remains of Washington were laid. Foreseeing the extraordinary honours which would be paid him, after his death, Washington formally set down in his will that his body should never be removed from Mount Vernon, and his heirs have successively withstood every movement of Congress to depart from this testament. His coffin is held in a small brick monument. The visit to this modest mausoleum, where rests the man who accomplished so great things, is very imposing. Every new President goes officially, on the 1st of May following his election, to bend before that tomb, and sign his name in the record, which is not the least curiosity of Mount Vernon. It is a fit homage done to the first President by his successors.

DOMINION NEWS.

The Government has decided to erect permanent barracks, and put a telegraph office at Batoche.

The report of the Canadian Phosphate Company shows that 4,036 tons were raised in the past season and 3,665 shipped, yielding a profit of £2,576 all of which is carried forward. The general outlook is most promising.

The monument and pedestal for the Jacques Cartier statue, to be erected on the banks of the St. Charles, is now being constructed in St. Roch. It is being built of granite, from the Lake St. John quarries, and will be a massive piece of work.

The Divisional Court of Queen's Bench in Ontario has just pronounced one of Mr. Mowat's measures, to provide for the punishment of persons who sell skim milk to cheese factories, an infringement on the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament, and therefore *ultra vires*.

Walter Vaughan Morgan has been elected a director of the Hudson's Bay Company. Seeing that Mr. Morgan is among the prominent supporters of Mr. McLean in the recent agitation, his selection is regarded as a further concession to the promoters of a more vigorous policy.

Canadian securities in general share activity on the London Stock Exchange, whereby good securities are being rapidly absorbed. Dominion, provincial and municipal issues last week are 1 to 2 higher on the week before. Railways have improved, and firmness on land shares is quite a feature of the week.

The value of the Nova Scotia fish harvest last year, was \$7,877,000, a decrease of \$562,000, compared with the previous year, owing to the failure of the shore fisheries. The mackerel catch was fifty per cent. below that of the year previous, but there was an increase of 131,000 quintals of cod, the catch aggregating 1,127,000 quintals.

LITERARY NOTES.

A book lover in London is supremely happy because he has unearthed a copy of the long-sought for first edition, quarto, of Thomas Shelton's translation of the first part of "The History of the Valiant and Witty Knight Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha." This edition was printed by William Stansby in 1512.

The artists of London, Ont. who formed themselves into an Art League, have taken a room over the Western Fair office on Richmond Street; they have fitted it up with a raised platform (for models), gas, easels, tables, etc., etc. They meet two evenings a week to sketch and talk on art. The fee is only \$2 per year, and members can use in at any time. W. L. Judson, Esq., president; J. L. Davidson, Esq., vice-president; H. Jewell, Esq., secretary; T. W. Elliott, Esq., treasurer.

The Governors of King's College, Windsor, N.S., have formally accepted and acknowledged in suitable terms the gift of \$3,000 from Rev. John I. S. Mountain, D.C.L., to form the nucleus for the endowment of a professional chair. It was left to the Board to decide upon the special object of this generous gift. Many years ago a small sum was founded for the endowment of an "Inglis Memorial" chair of Pastoral Theology. This fund is now acquiring gratifying dimensions, and in a few years it will be sufficient to carry out the wishes of the original donors. The Library Hall is now completely restored and presents quite a pleasant contrast to what might have been noticed at the last Encoenia. About \$4,000 has been spent on improvements on the College property at Windsor. It is further rumoured that there will soon be announced permanent changes and additions of a very progressive character, and such as will commend themselves to every well-wisher of progress in education and culture.

BARCAROLLE.

"Et vogue la nacelle
Qui porte mes amours."

—E. de Planard, 1826.

"O boatman, wilt thou ferry me
Across to yonder shore,
And do it all for charity,
For I, alas! am poor!"
"O welcome, welcome," quickly said
Young Colin brave and strong,
"And speed the boat, my lovely maid,
That bears my love along."

"I go to seek my father's roof
Upon yon distant strand."
"And will he turn me quite aloof
If I should ask your hand?"
"O boatman," spake the blushing maid,
"Be brave as thou art strong;
And I will pray for heavenly aid
To speed thy boat along."

And when the wedding feast was o'er,
In his boat upon the bay,
Young Colin sailed from shore to shore,
His heart unceasing gay;
And still forever was this note
The burden of his song—
"Oh heaven speed the gallant boat
That bears my love along."

—Translated by Robt. Weir.

THE GROWTH OF JERUSALEM.—A German newspaper published in Palestine states that the city of Jerusalem is growing in size and population at a remarkable rate. New buildings are daily increasing; churches, gardens and institutes of various kinds are filling up the formerly desolate neighbourhood to the distance of half an hour's walk beyond the old limits of the city. The Jews are to the front as builders.

WAS IT PIZARRO?—A wooden coffin has been discovered in the crypt of the parish church of Linares, in Spain, bearing the following strange inscription: "Herein lies the pretended corpse of Francisco Pizarro." It is needless to say that the coffin was eagerly opened, notwithstanding the disclaimer. It was found to contain a corpse which had been carefully "mummified," and which was clothed in a garment of violet cloth. The countenance is said to be remarkably like the portraits of Pizarro, and it has a pointed beard like his. One of the hands was detached, and lay near the body, while the other hand reposed upon the breast. Neither jewels nor a sword were found in the coffin.

Rev. Duncan McMillan, one of the oldest Scotch Presbyterian ministers in the Dominion, died at London, Ont., last week, aged 85 years. He was in charge of the Lobe Church up to the time of his superannuation several years ago.



THE MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL
From the photograph by

1. HON. HONORÉ MERCIER, Premier and President of the Executive Council.
2. HON. COL. W. RHODES, Minister of Agriculture and Colonization.
3. HON. PIERRE GARNEAU, Commissioner of Public works.

4. HON. J. E. CA...
5. HON. J. E. CA...
6. HON. J. E. CA...



PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT.

HYN, Provincial Treasurer.
GAGNON, Provincial Secretary.
TE, Attorney-General.

7. HON. DAVID A. ROSS.
8. HON. G. DUHAMEL, Commissioner of Crown Lands.
9. HON. F. G. MARCHAND, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

The Lady in Muslin.

"I will show you two or three portraits," Margaret exclaimed suddenly, "and you shall tell me, if, among them, you can detect the one who is of mixed blood."

As she spoke she rose and went to one of the cabinets and brought out four or five little morocco cases, which she laid on the table before her. The first she opened and passed to us both, as we approached each other to look at the same time.

It was a soft fair face of a woman of apparently thirty years, remarkable more for the beauty of the painting than for the portrait itself.

"Not there, certainly," we both said.

She passed us another, brightening up the glass lovingly before she did so.

The picture was of a young girl, very like to Miss Owenson, though not so handsome and much younger.

We examined it with interest and both exclaimed: "A sister, surely." Miss Owenson shook her head and smiled.

The third was of a middle-aged man; the fourth, a youth in a military uniform. Gaunt bent over them earnestly. If black blood were there, though many generations removed, it was certainly difficult to detect. Dick grew more intent; and meanwhile I looked anxiously for the fifth and last, which those fair hands seemed so loth to part with.

Miss Owenson turned the little case round and round, touched the spring, but did not open it, dusted it, looked at Gaunt earnestly, then dropped it back into her lap, and looked over Dick's shoulder at the two portraits he was examining. I saw, however, that she was thinking very little of what she was doing. Her cheek, hitherto pale, was flushing, and her eyes growing brighter and brighter, as from some mental excitement.

"Well," Dick suddenly exclaimed, "and the fifth?"

One instant, only one instant, she hesitated; then, touching the spring, she opened the case, and laid it before him.

He gave a glance at it—then—he did not start or exclaim—but he turned sharply and looked at her.

Margaret, perhaps, had expected that, for she was thrown back in her chair, her face so placed as to be quite shaded from the light.

Gaunt's look and gesture were so strange that they would have struck the most careless looker-on, and I immediately arose and looked over his shoulder. I started back, exclaiming—"Cecile!"

The portrait was of a very young woman of the most perfect Creole beauty that I had ever seen, but so exactly like little Cecile that I could have imagined it hers, aged a few years by the artist's fancy.

"What a wonderful likeness!" I exclaimed, gazing at the lovely face. "Has it never struck you before?" I added, turning to Miss Owenson.

She raised herself quietly, but I fancy it was with an effort she answered calmly: "When I first saw Cecile, her face seemed familiar; it was only in turning over some old treasures yesterday that I lighted upon this portrait and found it was this that she resembled so much."

Gaunt still silently examined the picture. He was frowning in a perplexed, thoughtful manner, and I could see there was a portion of annoyance mixed with the perplexity.

Suddenly he asked in a grave voice, but without looking up. "Were you personally acquainted with this lady?"

"No. The picture was given me, among some other portraits, as a model of Creole beauty," Miss Owenson answered slowly, and with almost an effort; and I noticed (for my eyes regarded her intently) that a flash of anger illumined her countenance for an instant.

Gaunt continued his silent gaze.

"I was wondering this afternoon," Margaret said presently very quietly, "when I came so unexpectedly on that picture, if Cecile could be any relation, the likeness is so wonderful."

Her eyes were fixed on Gaunt as she spoke, and mine also sought his face. What would he reply to that observation which seemed to touch so nearly on the question of Cecile's parentage?

He was silent for some instants, frowning more and more grimly every moment. Judging by his countenance, my poor friend was carrying on a momentous and difficult argument with himself which puzzled him not a little.

Presently he looked up and said slowly, evidently weighing carefully each word, "The likeness is so striking that it puts relationship beyond a doubt. Have you any recollection of the person who gave you this portrait, and are you aware of how that person became possessed of it?"

These little formal sentences were additional proofs to my mind, knowing my friend's peculiarities, that he was embarrassed. If Miss Owenson were a skilful questioner, she could, I felt sure, obtain without much difficulty the information she wanted.

She drew her hand meditatively across her forehead.

"I was in the habit of collecting portraits at that time," she said; "it was one of my whims. Probably I received it from some picture-dealer in Calcutta, where I was living in the years '60-61. Is there any date on the portrait?"

Dick turned it over hastily, passing his thumb along one of the sides. Margaret watched him anxiously.

"No," he answered, suddenly laying it down; "there is no mark or date whatsoever."

"It is certainly wonderfully like your little niece," Margaret again hazarded more boldly this time, and laying a certain stress on the word "niece."

"Yes," Gaunt replied, "but what puzzles me so is how it could have fallen into your hands, and in the East, too."

"You recognize it as that of a relation," Margaret said hurriedly.

"No," he answered coldly. "I only recognize its wonderful resemblance to Cecile. So wonderful, indeed, that if I dared I should ask you a great favour."

"To give it you!" She drew it toward her, closed it carefully, shaking her head. "The handsomest of all my collection. Mr. Gaunt you ask too much."

"I feared so," Dick answered significantly, and rising as he spoke. "Mark, do you know it is eleven o'clock?"

Miss Owenson lounged back in her chair, apparently heedless of our preparation for departure, but with her black, and, to-night, glittering eyes fixed on Gaunt. Dick, however, stood turned slightly from her, waiting for me to finish my search after hat, gloves, etc., and then instead of approaching, as usual, to give the warm shake of the hand, he merely bowed a good-night across the table.

Margaret rose, and drawing herself up proudly, held out her hand. "Mr. Gaunt," she exclaimed, and Dick could not help turning and coming back, "is the picture to be the price of your civility?"

"Certainly not," he replied, taking her hand.

"Your friendship, then?"

"I should consider it the greatest mark you could give me of yours," he answered eagerly.

"Good-night, then," she said coldly.

"Good-bye," Gaunt replied.

XI.

A QUIET TALK.

"Who is she? who can she be?" Gaunt exclaimed, as with his arm tucked through mine we sauntered slowly down the road toward the inn. "Did you observe her? Well, she gave me that portrait to look at with a purpose, I could swear."

"No doubt," I answered; "but with what purpose you alone can guess."

I don't know whether Dick understood my words as a delicate hint that he might profit by my sagacity if he would be confidential, but he certainly answered very gruffly, "Oh, of course—of course."

We walked on, Dick leaning heavily on my arm, and evidently very much engrossed with some

unpleasant thoughts; I discussing with myself if gallantry and honour demanded silence on my part on that afternoon's adventure, and Margaret's private sign that evening more than friendship for Gaunt, claimed my good offices to warn him that the woman to whom he was, I feared, gradually attaching himself, had her own little mysteries and histories, too, which she wished to guard from his eye especially.

I am not partial to the office of watchman; and had it not been for the latter part of the evening's occurrence, and Dick's evident annoyance, I should certainly have left my friend to steer himself safely through the rocks and shoals surrounding womankind, and only wished him *bon voyage*. As it was, however, in spite of Dick's unflattering reserve, I felt it a duty I owed to our long friendship, while I kept as far as I could my tacit engagement with Miss Owenson, to warn him that he was quite right to ask the question—Who is she? and also not to flatter himself he could guess the answer easily. I conveyed my warning in the very fewest words possible just before we separated for the night, and, as is the case in most instances of disinterested friendship, I had the pleasure of seeing that Dick took little notice of what I said, or rather regarded it as a superfluous exhibition of zeal on my part. Such is man!

* * * * *

My damp ride gave me a feverish uncomfortable night, and feeling anything but sentimentally inclined, I rose earlier than usual the next morning and descended to the garden.

It was a damp, heavy morning, and unusually cool; and I no sooner felt the chilly air come rushing to meet me through the open door than I most heartily repented of my having left my bed at such an early hour. Repentance was, however, rather late, so lighting a cigar, I sauntered disconsolately down the still damp gravel walk to the road.

There were few persons out, and I continued my walk and my meditations, which were neither of them of the most cheering description, without interruption, till I arrived opposite the front entrance of the cottage. Every blind was down, and to judge by the profound repose reigning round the house, its occupants, as regarded early rising departed from their imitation of Eastern habits.

I passed on, and continued my walk slowly in the direction I had taken yesterday. I had scarcely passed the house twenty yards, when from a road branching off from that along which I was walking, came a closed carriage, with, to my surprise, Miss Owenson's Indian servant sitting on the coach-box. On the top of the fly was a small trunk, and in the inside I just caught sight of the outline of a female figure leaning as far back as possible. Was it going away or coming in?

I turned and gazed without any attempt to disguise my curiosity, and I saw the carriage drive quickly up to the gate of the cottage, the Indian descend from his seat, and then assist the lady to alight. There was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful deportment. Whether Miss Owenson had seen me from the carriage I know not, but directly she reached the ground she turned toward me, and advancing a few steps held out her hand.

She wore a thick blue shawl, her veil was thrown back, and as the flowers and ribbons of her bonnet, of the same bright blue, rested against her blonde hair and creamy cheek, I thought I had never seen her look to such advantage.

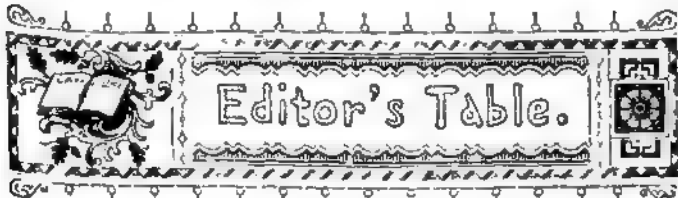
"What brings you out so early?" she exclaimed; "surely not the charms of the morning."

"The discomforts of a bad night," I replied; "but I am sure the same reason has not sent you for your drive."

"No; I slept remarkably well." As she spoke she moved slowly toward the house. "Come in," she added, turning suddenly; "chance has thrown a good opportunity in our way for a quiet talk."

I followed her into the cottage, and was not sorry to find that our "quiet talk" was to be carried on beside a bright fire that blazed in the room in which we had supped the previous evening.

(To be continued.)



Editor's Table.

There is perhaps no book of poems written within the year, that has drawn so much attention as, and been the subject of so much admiration, as the volume which we have under our eyes, "Among the Millet," by Archibald Lampman. The range of thought and feeling over which the author goes displays the versatility of his gifts, while the deep introspection of most of his longer poems shows his strength of opinion. Here is a little quatrain, which is almost weird:

Why do you call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Sees, where ye can not, hidden faces.

"Morning on the Lièvre" is very beautiful. "The Monk" is a powerful poem. We passed on with eager curiosity to the sonnets, of which there are twenty-nine, for to us the sonnet is the crowning point of poetry. Our favourite is addressed to "The Martyrs":

O ye, who found in men's brief ways no sign
Of strength or help, so cast them forth, and threw
Your whole souls up to One ye deemed most true,
Nor failed nor doubted but held fast your line,
Seeing before you that Divine Face shine;
Shall we not mourn, when yours are now so few,
Those sterner days, when all men yearned to you,
White souls, whose beauty made their world divine;
Yet still across life's tangled storms we see,
Following the cross, your pale procession led
One hope, one end, all other sacrificed,
Self abnegation, love, humility,
Your faces shining toward the bended head,
The wounded hands and patient face of Christ.

The last strophe of "The Loons" is very fine:

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres,
Still must ye search and wander querulously,
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light,
With weird entreaties, and in agony
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

The first number of the second volume of *Le Canada Français*, published by Laval University, has just been received. It is, we are happy to say, up to the standard of the first. The range of subjects is broad, embracing history, philosophy, light literature, homiletics and another instalment of hitherto inedited documents on Acadia, from the papers of the Abbé Casgrain. *Dix Ans au Canada*, by Gérin-Lajoie, deserves to be published in a separate volume. M. Fréchette has a charming Christmas ballad: *La Chapelle de Bethléhem*. As usual, M. Chauveau does yeoman's duty, his name being signed to a paper on French-Canadian Nationality, to an European review, and to a Bibliographical summary. Our readers will be surprised to learn that this splendid quarterly may be had at the nominal price of \$2.

"How I Escaped," by W. H. Parkins, edited by Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," is the last publication of our enterprising friend, J. Theo. Robinson. It is a tale of the Southern War, in the bold, wild Blockade Running Days, and the adventures which were dared and encountered in these sturdy days are told with thrilling effect. Price, 25 cents.

A RATTLING GOOD SPEECH.

'RAH! 'RAH!

At the Snowshoe Concert, on Wednesday night last, Mr. Erastus Wiman was called out for a speech, and bravely stepping forth, he delivered himself of the following effusion, which we want our friends to read, from Cape Breton to British Columbia:—

Mr. Wiman, who was warmly received, said: I am a kind of member of this Club, for I've been initiated, and no man wants to have that experience more than once a year, for he carries a lively recollection of it away with him. (Laughter.) I like to come and visit this Snowshoe Club, and when I go away I feel that I leave a good deal behind me in this greater half of the continent.

There is a fish, the shad, that we have down in Florida on the other side, when it starts northward it grows as it comes along, so that by the time it reaches the St. Lawrence, or the St. John, in New Brunswick, it is the most perfect of its kind. And so it is with everything in the north. (Laughter.) From the north comes the inspiration that moves the world. (Cheers.) It is always the vigour and strength of the north in these big exercises of lacrosse and other sports, as in everything else, that lead the world; not your cricket or lawn tennis dude. These men glory in such manly sports, and I like myself to see them do so. I am very much gratified that I have been able to do something for the Carnival, for I look upon it as one of the assets of Montreal. The least we can do is to spend a little money in return for what we came to see; and it is a tremendous advantage to the Yankees to be able to say that they have seen such a city—one of the wealthiest and most beautiful cities in the country. Why, you have a bank that can buy up nearly all the banks in New York; you have a railway, starting from the Atlantic and ending at the Pacific, greater than any railroad in the United States. I hold that we have something to be proud of, and that we Canadians must brag a little of ourselves, because if we don't no one else will do it for us. (Laughter.) You have a hotel superior to any in the United States. I say that the Windsor has the best management of any I have ever seen, and people coming from the south realize the same fact. With a big railroad, a big bank, a big hotel, and such a sturdy lot of boys, I think we have occasion to be proud, and I am glad to be able to pay a tribute to them.

DE QUINCEY.

David Masson, M. A., L. L. D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, is best known as the biographer and editor of Milton. He lives among books and book-makers, and delights to write of them. He is an admirer of De Quincey, moreover; but it does not appear that he has given more time to the study of his life and works than to those of other men. He acknowledges his indebtedness to a chronological list of De Quincey's magazine writings, drawn up by Mr. H. G. Bohn; he has consulted the article on De Quincey in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and he has made free use of the life of Mr. H. A. Page, "the only extensive and complete life of De Quincey in the language." But "only a little independent research," has been deemed necessary, though to this may be added a personal recollection of the "Opium Eater," and an intimate familiarity with the scenes amid which his busiest years were spent.

De Quincey's personality is not only an interesting, but a somewhat perplexing one. Partly from a love of mystifying his friends, but chiefly to avoid being bored by visitors, or unearthed by landladies who fancied themselves his creditors, he usually kept his lodging-place a secret. No celebrity of his day was less accessible, and few were better worth seeking out. In richness and variety, his conversation rivalled Coleridge's; and he was a better listener than the older man. His personal appearance did not prepare one for the rare treat of an evening in his company. A diminutive creature, dressed in "a boy's duffle great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-colored belcher handkerchief;" list shoes covered with snow, and trousers made apparently of linen, and blackened with ink—such was De Quincey as he appeared at a dinner party in Edinburgh thirty years ago. "I, that write this paper," he said in describing Dr. Parr, "have myself a mean personal appearance; and I love men of mean appearance." He had little respect for established reputations, but his sympathy with the unfortunate or oppressed colored his whole career. He would persuade his guests to avoid a subject painful to the girl that served at table; he was never known to refuse money to a beggar, nor did he proffer it without an apology; to the day of his death, he remembered and regretted the

wretched girl whose path had crossed his own in London. His sensibilities were acute, and his sympathies quick and comprehensive; but he was neither a practical nor a wealthy man, and his philanthropy found an outlet only in occasional and petty deeds of charity. His pleasures and his pains—save those stomachic tortures that impelled him to the use of opium—were intellectual; literary, indeed, for the most part, though music, too, afforded him the keenest pleasure. His endowment of moral force seemed slight, yet he was able to overcome the opium habit, even when his daily allowance had grown to twelve thousand drops.

Professor Masson does ample justice to De Quincey's virtues, both as a man and a writer. His sketch of the essayist's life is complete enough for the requirements of the series of which it forms not the least interesting part. It gives a sufficiently clear idea of the outward circumstances of that life, and of the extent to which they modified, and were modified by De Quincey's character. He does not aim to supplant the bulkier work of Mr. Page, but, on the contrary, to inspire in the reader who is unfamiliar with the standard biography, an ardent desire to peruse it, and to possess the collective edition of De Quincey's writings. It is interesting to be reminded that the first De Quincey was issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. "In America," says Professor Masson, "almost always in advance of the mother-country in such matters, it had been perceived long ago, that De Quincey was one of the chief English classics." And as it happens, De Quincey's romance of "Klosterheim" is accessible now only in an American reprint. We cannot close without a word in commendation of Professor Masson's "Classification and Review" of De Quincey's writings, which fills the forty concluding pages of his work.

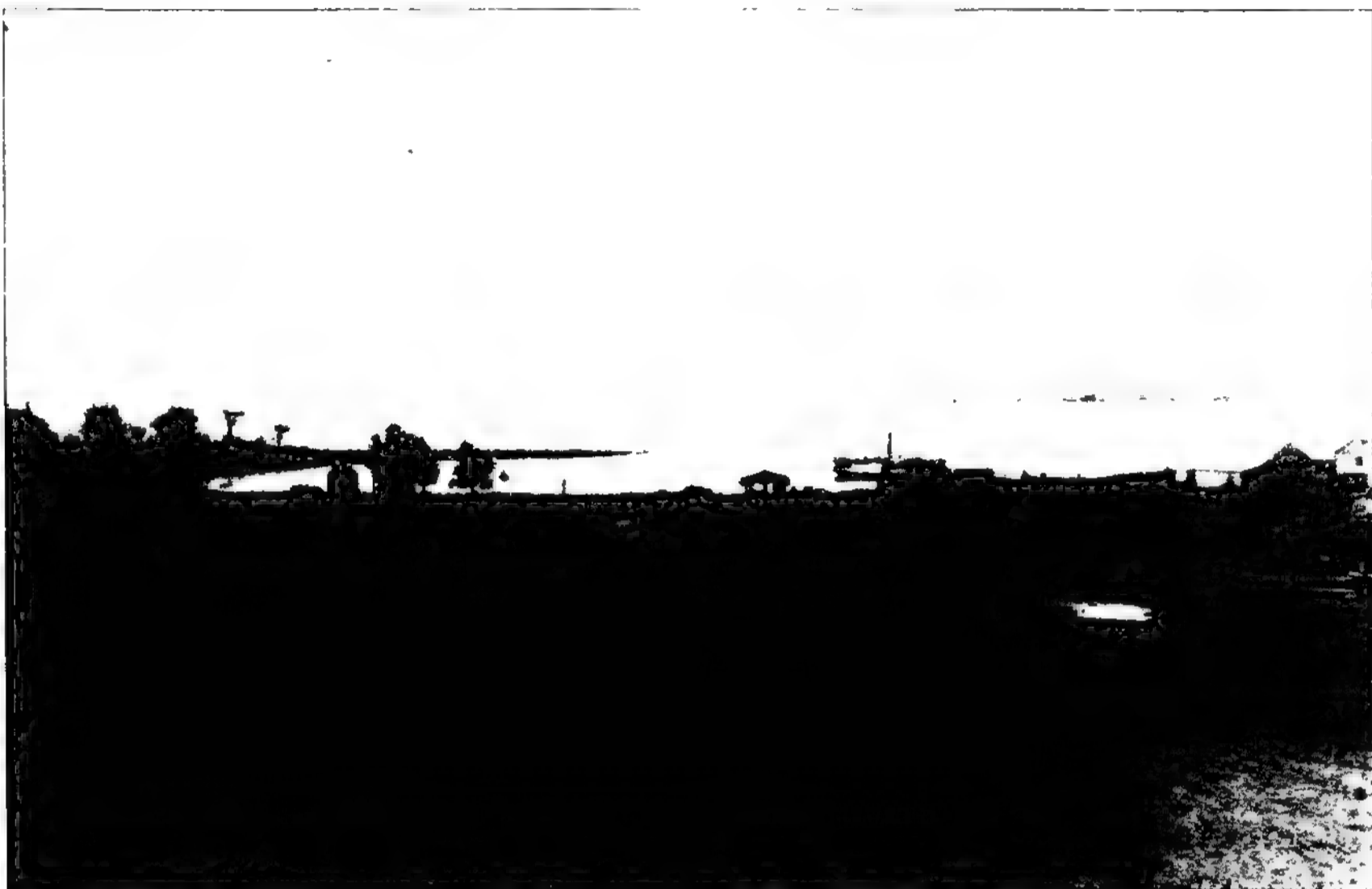
HERE AND THERE.

ANNIE MURAT.—The Empress Eugenie has been staying in Paris with the Duchess de Morny. Elderly inhabitants of Bordentown, N.J., remember the Duchess when, as little Annie Murat, she played on the sidewalk of the Murat mansion on Park Street. Her father, the improvident Prince Lucien Murat, was at that time awaiting the coming into power of the Bonapartists, while his wife, an American woman, to bridge over the pecuniary crisis, taught the young girls of Bordentown to read, write and cipher.

WANTS TO FIND THE ORACLE.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard College, has been visiting New York on an odd mission. He desires the rich men of that city to contribute \$75,000 to equip an expedition to excavate the site of the ancient temple of Apollo at Delphi. The Greek Government have given permission to the American School at Athens to undertake the work, and all now needed are the funds necessary to employ labour and organize an expedition. The seat of the Oracle of Delphi, according to tradition, was established in the very earliest times by Apollo himself, and at the period of the Homeric poems a magnificent temple already stood there. After it had been burned, 548 B.C., a still more magnificent edifice was reared on the same site.

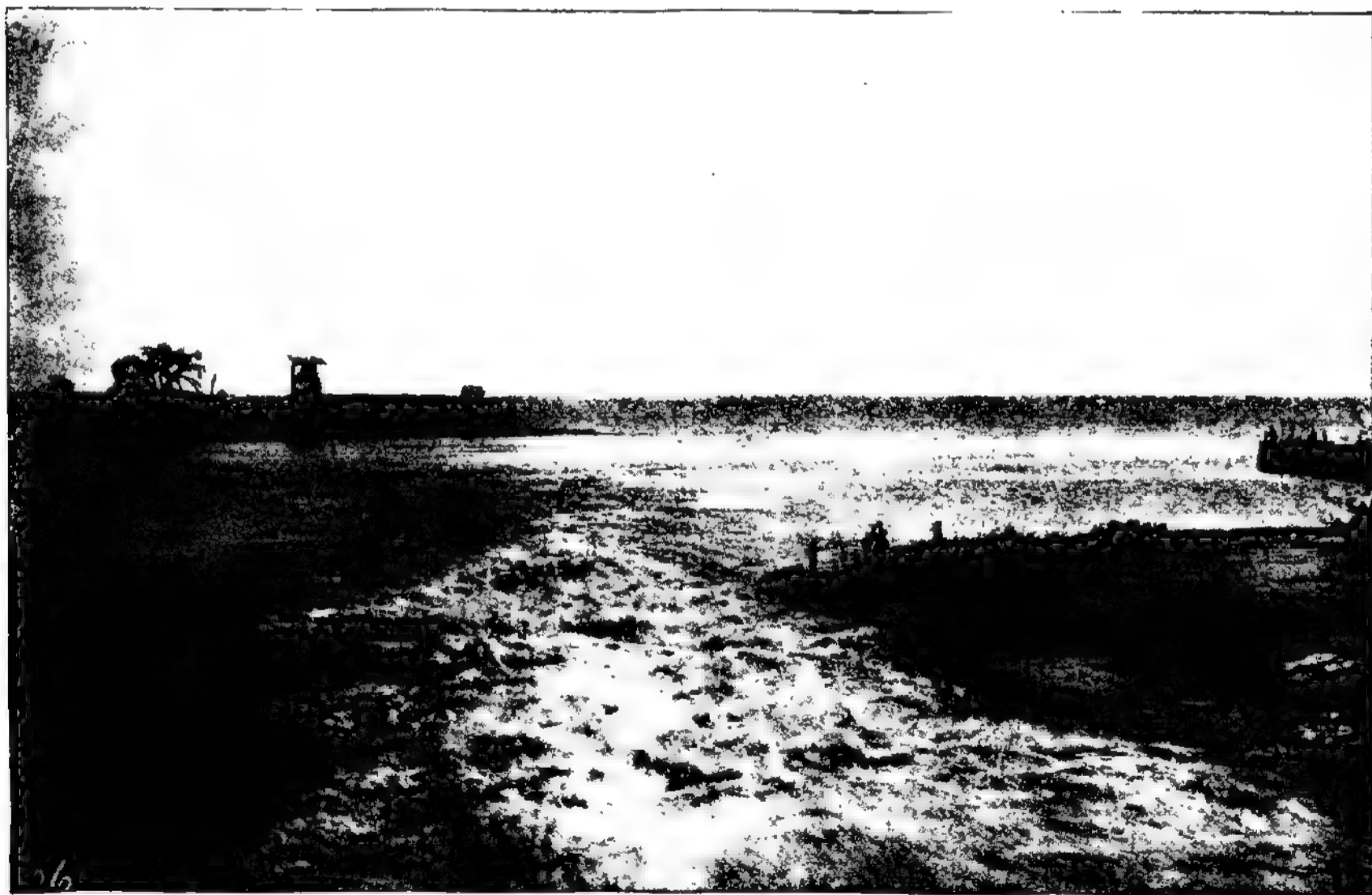
AN OLD PICTURE.—One of the latest art treasures which the Stuart collection has unearthed is a remarkable oil painting which Mr. Mitchell, Consul-General of Norway, discovered in an out-of-the-way store of Moscow, and which, for several generations, had done duty in a peasant's family as a picture of Christ. It represents the vision of Charles I. on the morning of his execution. The earthly crown has fallen to the ground; the Bible is open at the lesson for the day, describing the Passion of the Saviour, and a martyr's crown is on the sacred page, while an angel reveals the Crown of Life. In Greek is the inscription, "Of whom the world was not worthy." The picture thus recovered will be brought to England and restored. It is, no doubt, the work of an English painter, and must have been taken to Russia by the fugitive Cavaliers.

LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT, P. Q.



LAKE ST. JOHN. FROM ROBERVAL HOTEL.

From a photograph by Laverneis



OUIATCHOUANICHE RIVER, FLOWING INTO LAKE ST. JOHN, NEAR ROBERVAL.

From a photograph by Laverneis



CHECKMATED.



WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Woman exerts a far greater power than that exerted by the ballot. If her influence is exerted to bring souls to Christ, it is a mighty influence for good. God has made her the teacher and guardian of children, from infancy until they start out in life for themselves. Children always go to the mothers for sympathy, to share their griefs and joys, and look to them for advice. Every mother has the power to teach her son to be true to himself, his God, and his country.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.—Princess Mathilde, who has gathered around her all the Bonapartists and literary notabilities of Paris at her Sunday evening receptions for many years, is debarred by failing health from resuming them on their wonted brilliant footing this winter. She will open her salons as usual, but her invitations will be limited to old and intimate friends belonging, for the most part, to the world of arts and letters. The doctors disapprove of her stirring out of doors in the evening, but she means to make an exception to M. Edmond de Goncourt, who is a particularly valued friend.

WEDDING NOVELTIES.—The latest novelty at fashionable weddings is for the bridesmaid to carry satin shoes filled with flowers, and the result is charmingly pretty. At one wedding the shoes were of *eau de Nil* satin and were filled with blush-pink roses. At another there was a very effective combination of pink satin and maize-coloured roses, while the delicate structure depended from the bridesmaid's arm by pink satin ribbons, like a veritable miniature hanging garden. At a third the shoes were pink satin and the flowers were golden-brown chrysanthemums, toning from dark brown to pale yellow.

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF IRELAND.—The Irish ladies are perhaps the prettiest in the wide world. Their features, it is true, are less regular than those of English women, but they triumph over them with their soft, creamy complexions, their large, appealing grey-blue eyes and long lashes, and a sort of indefinable charm and demure coquetry, yet thoroughly modest manners. "Every third Irish woman," wrote the Queen in her diary when last visiting the country, "is beautiful, and some of them remarkably so. Their hair and eyes are simply lovely." Apart from personal charms, it is impossible not to admire the gentle grace and dignity of the wives and daughters of the Emerald Isle.

A PERFECT HOME.—The late Helen Hunt, writing of a perfect home, said: "The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud, or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had in hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission in her influence. She has always been, and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker."

RICE BREAD.—One quart of rice flour, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful wheat flour, three tablespoonfuls butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, sifted with the flour. Bake in shallow tins in a quick oven.

MUTTON STEAKS, FRIED.—Make a batter of grated bread crumbs, milk and one egg. Put it into a shallow dish. Have some mutton steaks cut from the loin, with bone cut short. Have ready in a frying pan hot butter or dripping. Dip each steak twice in the batter, then fry them brown and send to table very hot.

HELEN.

"Vaccinate the boys! Bless my soul, Helen, what do you mean?"

"Just what I have been saying every day to you, father, for the last two weeks. I want you to let Dr. Dupont come and have the boys done. We are only thirty miles from Montreal, and I hear there was a case of smallpox brought up on the market boat Saturday."

"And if there were a dozen cases, I would not have them 'done,' as you call it. Haven't I told you, time and time again, that I don't believe in vaccination, never did, and never intend to!" Major Bruce rapped fiercely on the verandah floor with his huge gold-headed cane to add emphasis to his already sufficiently emphatic words.

"But smallpox is increasing so much in the city and is rapidly spreading to the country. See, father. Yesterday's *Gazette* says": (Helen read from the Montreal paper she carried in her hand)

"It is evident that the present forces are inadequate to cope with the fell disease now ravaging our city. Every day brings with it an increase in the number of deaths, and during the past week the average has been sixty-five per day. Nothing but the most vigorous measures will suffice, not only to put down the epidemic within the city limits, but to prevent its further spread. Vaccination must be made compulsory."

"Stop, Helen, stop! Do you think that I am in my dotage, to be guided by what the newspapers say?" and the gold-headed cane rapped again so savagely that it would have alarmed any other than the irascible old major's fair-faced daughter.

"No, father, dear, you don't really mean what you say. You will let me have the boys 'done,' won't you?"

"Mean what I say? Bless my soul! I never was more determined in my life. I'll have no vaccination business here, mind that!" and fearing further entreaty, the Major strode down the gravel walk with that soldierly bearing even his twenty years' retirement from active service had not lost him.

Helen stood looking after her father as he went up the street—the one street of the little French-Canadian village, with its whitewashed houses and quaint little gardens, where blossomed old-fashioned flowers of sweet smell and odd colour—thinking, with a momentary sign of bitterness, that the old Major bore his seventy-five years more lightly than she her nineteen summers.

She was a dainty picture to look upon, standing in the September sunshine, her pink gingham gown, belted neatly round her slim figure, setting off its graceful curves. Her face, with its delicately modelled features, was pure and sweet, and expressive of so much that was good that one almost forgot its lack of any vivid colouring.

Major Bruce had married late in life upon his retirement from the army, and soon after, obeying a long cherished wish, he brought his delicate young wife to Canada. Wandering about in search of a home to their taste, they had stumbled on St. Pierre, an obscure French-Canadian village, so called, though it was scarcely large enough to be dignified by the name. It had nothing to recommend it to the strangers but the wonderful beauty of the surrounding country, but that was sufficient for Mrs. Bruce.

Many years had passed since then, and for three summers now the pretty fragile wife—so ill-fitted to manage the tribe of unruly boys which somehow fell to her share—had lain at rest beneath the waving pine trees in the old graveyard on the hill.

Helen, recalled from school in Montreal to watch by the bedside of her dying mother, when all was over, took up with a heavy heart the reins of government, which had fallen so easily from those white hands. It was hard to relinquish all her girlish ambitions, her school, her much loved music, and to leave all her pleasant dreams of going abroad to improve her voice, of which her masters already promised great things, behind, and settle down to the sober duties of caring for her father and little brothers, the oldest of whom was then only a year old. Her's, however, was

not a nature to repine long. She saw her way clearly and followed it bravely, not without some false steps, some bitter tears, but always with an anxious desire to "do the right." She loved her brothers with a love mother-like in its intensity, but it was little wonder if sometimes her courage almost failed and she felt that the burdens laid upon her were greater than she could bear.

There were four of the young brothers, strong, healthy boys, loving mischief almost as much as they did their sister—Donald, the eldest; Tom and Charlie, the twins, and chubby-faced Dickey, the baby.

Helen's thoughts were grave ones as she stood this morning in the September sunshine, feeling older than the gruff old Major, who left everything to her charge and spent the days in quiet enjoyment, after his own fashion, rowing, fishing, reading, or discussing politics with the one or two friends the narrow circle of society in St. Pierre afforded him. Not that the Major intended to be selfish, or that he even remotely realized how many parental duties he shirked, or what a heavy weight of care he was resting upon his daughter's young shoulders, only he had grown into the habit of leaving everything to Helen—in short, he was getting, he thought, too old to be "bothered with the boys."

Helen was roused from her sombre reveries by the merry voices of her brothers, as they came, shouting, down the village street with the letters from the post-office, little Dickey toddling some distance in the rear.

"Oh, Helen, I've got a letter for you from your chum—a great, big, fat letter!" shrieked Donald, as soon as he caught sight of his sister. "Ain't you glad?"

The letter was from her old schoolmate and chosen friend, Lucy Brymner, of Boston. Helen was expecting her shortly to pay a long promised visit to St. Pierre, a visit to which she had been looking forward for months, with the keenest anticipations of pleasure. How delightful it would be to talk over their old school-days together, to indulge in happy reminiscences of those brief blissful weeks. Helen had spent the Christmas before her mother's death in Lucy's beautiful Boston home to discuss the last books they had read, to practise duets together, to learn new songs. Helen felt the visit would repay her for much that was hard to bear in her daily lot, but she was to be disappointed, and her eyes filled with tears as, hastily tearing open her letter, she read:

"I cannot tell you, my dearest Helen, how dreadfully sorry I am that I cannot go to you, but mamma is so afraid of the smallpox that she will not allow me to pass through Montreal, or indeed to think of going to Canada at all this fall. I promised to be vaccinated again, to saturate myself in camphor and carbolic acid, but all in vain. She will not consent. Oh, Helen, dear, do take care of yourself and the boys, we read in the paper such terrible accounts of the disease," etc., etc.

Helen finished her letter, and for a few minutes, absorbed in her grief and disappointment, she forgot everything else. Then a thought flashed through her mind. She raised her head and looked anxiously at her little brothers. Yes! She must take care of them. St. Pierre was in daily communication with Montreal; their danger was great; she *must* have the boys vaccinated, despite her father's belief. She shuddered as she looked down the river—the beautiful blue Ottawa—the sound of whose murmuring waters had been music in her ears since first she could remember. Not so many miles away, but a little space below where it joined the broad St. Lawrence, lay the plague-stricken city, with its desolate streets, its hushed noises, its ominous placards, with the words "Smallpox!" "La Picotte!" standing out in great letters on many a sorrowing house, that all who read, English and French alike, might flee; its dreary black vans, its sad funeral processions, so small, so frequent.

She had never seemed to realize it before, and a sudden chill passed over her. Oh! if her father would only consent to have the boys vaccinated. But she must accomplish it some way.

Tom had been complaining the last few days of a pain in his back. He thought at first he had hurt it falling off a tree, but it grew worse, and

that night his head ached so fearfully that he was glad to throw aside his boyish dignity and consent to lie on the sofa and be "comforted by Helen."

Tom was the sturdiest of the four boys, the ringleader in all their mischievous pranks, the originator of their most daring tricks, always noisy and boisterous—never quiet, not even in sleep. Helen used to think despairingly sometimes—and to see him now, lying on the sofa with his little flushed face drawn with pain, pressing his hands to his burning brow, touched his sister to the heart. The boys were awestricken; Tom sick! Tom who had never had even a headache before. When the evening was over they helped Helen in solemn silence, to put the invalid to bed, and watched, wondering, while she made him comfortable and bathed his forehead with *eau de Cologne*.

"I know what's the matter," said Donald the eldest, "he's been in swimming too much, it's enough to make any fellow sick the way he has been going it. Come on to bed boys, Tom'll be 'O K' in the morning."

But Tom was not "O K" in the morning. Through the long night he lay tossing in restless fever, while Helen sat beside him holding his little, hot hand and singing to him, over and over, all the soft, soothing songs she could remember. He could not sleep, his head troubled him, his back ached, and his throat was dry and sore.

"Bless my soul! The lad's caught a severe cold," the old Major said as he comes in to see him in the morning. "You shouldn't let him go swimming so often Helen; but don't worry, he will be better to-morrow." Nevertheless he telegraphed for Dr. Dupont.

The Doctor lived twelve miles away, and the day was far advanced before he stood by Tom's bedside. A change had come over the boy's face. Helen refused to see it, she would not allow herself to think, she forced back the sickening dread which filled her heart, repeating to herself, with piteous iteration, that it was "only a cold."

The Doctor was a stout, little man, with a ruddy complexion, and hair bleached white as snow with the wind and rain of forty years, driving about in the country in all kinds of weather. He had a jaunty, gay, young manner, but his old heart was tender as a woman's, and the bright, black eyes softened with a keen sympathy as he turned from Tom and said in a whisper:

"Helen, my poor child, the little one has the smallpox."

"Oh, my God! not that, not that," sobbed the young girl, sinking on her knees and burying her face in her hands.

It was only for a moment; she had *felt* it was thus, and unconsciously had made all her plans. With the help of the kindly little doctor she had the boy removed to an empty cottage at the other end of the village. It was entirely isolated and stood on a small point jutting out into the river, surrounded on three sides by the river over which a cool breeze was playing this hot September day, ruffling it into tiny wavelets and dashing them playfully almost up to the walls of the impromptu hospital. Here Helen had everything brought that she could possibly require.

"But, bless my soul, Helen, you don't mean to shut yourself up in that place alone with Tom?" exclaimed the Major when he realized what his daughter was doing.

"Yes, father; there is no one else to nurse him. You must telegraph to Aunt Jessie to come at once and keep house for you and the boys. Don't let any of them come near the cottage. Good-bye, Dickey, darling, good bye. Don't forget sister. You must not worry, father. I'm not afraid. God will take care of me." Helen tried to smile brightly as she turned away.

The healthy colour had faded from the Major's face. He seemed to have grown suddenly old and haggard. His hands moved tremulously as he leant heavily on his gold-headed cane. He stood helplessly watching Helen disappear; he even noticed the glint of the sun on the braided coil of brown hair, as she turned the corner. In his trouble he forgot that he was bareheaded, and that the hot sun beat mercilessly on his white head. Poor old man! He had given in meekly,

had allowed Helen and the rest of the boys to be vaccinated, and had even consented to undergo the operation himself.

Through weary days and nights little Tom fought for life, while the horrible disease ran its course. In his wildest delirium Helen was always able to quiet him. She scarcely left his bedside, and in answer the piteous cry "Sing to me, Helen, sing to me," sang hour after hour until the sweet voice grew strained and hoarse.

No one came near them only the cheery little doctor when he could be spared from his other patients, bringing them all that was needful with news from the outside world, remaining as long as possible in order that the young nurse might have a little rest.

Slowly Tom returned—it seemed—to life and consciousness, a pitiful wreck of the strong, sturdy boy he had been previously. But as each day brought fresh strength to Tom, Helen grew weaker, her face lost all its delicate beauty and became thin and wasted. Vaccination had not been successful with her, and a morbid certainty, a dread presentiment, possessed her.

September was past and gone; the trees, still green when Tom was taken ill, had now turned to crimson of many shades. The leaves were falling softly, noiselessly, from the swaying branches. The yellow golden rod, the purple asters and all the brilliant autumn flowers were brown and withered.

An unconquerable feeling of drowsiness was overwhelming Helen. All day long she fought against it, rousing herself with an effort when she felt her eyes close and her head droop. It was a horrible sensation; it over-mastered everything, even the dreadful sickness which was stealing over her. She felt the pain only remotely; nothing was very present but the intense longing to sleep—to sleep anywhere and anyhow. As the early twilight gathered the longing became more and more imperative.

Little Tom dropped asleep as Helen tried to sing him the song he begged for. She sat at the uncurtained window, watching the darkness fall. There was a fitful wind blowing; it came in low wailing sounds across the water. The river murmured continuously, but it seemed to Helen far, far away in the distance. The moon rose slowly—the great full moon, pale yellow in the cold autumn air. She watched it dreamily, as it came into sight, and threw a broad band of silver across the dark water. Again the overpowering desire to sleep. If she could but conquer it! She tried not to give way. She felt with a sudden chill, which startled her into momentary wakefulness, that it was the worst that could befall her. She remembered vaguely what she had read of the comatose phase which small-pox in its most dangerous form sometimes takes, when death almost certainly ensues. No! no! She must not give way to it! She forced herself to walk up and down the floor with trembling feet, until, exhausted, she fell beside the bed and instantly sleep stole over her.

She started up. Surely help would come! The doctor had not been there that day. She *must* keep awake until then. Seizing a penknife which lay on the table near her she made a deep cut in her hand. The sharp pain roused her; she staggered across the room. Was not that some one at the door? She moved uncertainly towards it; her trembling hand raised the latch; only the wind rustled among the falling leaves; even the cold night air had no power to touch her drowsy senses.

She could fight it no longer; exhausted she sank against the bed and dreamily began undressing. She knelt down, but the only words that came to her dulled mind were the words of the child's prayer she had been used to say at her mother's knee, "Now I lay me down to sleep," she repeated aloud drowsily as if she were again a child.

"If I should die before I wake;" the words fell slowly, her head dropped on the bed, with a super-human effort she wakened herself.

"I pray the Lord my soul to take." With the words still on her lips she crept into bed beside

Tom, and instantly fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The boy awakened and sat up; a streak of light lay across the floor. He felt that Helen was ill; that he must stay awake and watch over her. He drew close to her and put his thin, wasted arm over her. He would take care of her as she had taken care of him—his good, sweet Helen.

The moonlight crept slowly across the floor; it reached the foot of the bed. Outside, the wind was still blowing fitfully; it sounded to the boy like voices sobbing; and then—he couldn't help it—he meant to watch, but he was tired, tired, and he, too, fell asleep.

The moonlight came softly, slowly over the bed and neither of the sleepers stirred. The world without was silent and at rest; only the wind and the water kept up their murmuring.

The silver streak crept on until it rested on Tom's face—the pretty boyish face, all red and disfigured with none of its old beauty left, but the brown eyes now veiled in slumber; and then it fell on Helen and on the thin little protecting arm, but the loving sister, whom the boy had meant to watch over, no longer needed his protection. God *had* taken care of her. That peace which passeth all understanding had fallen on her.

LINDA BELL COLSON.



A Southern hotel advertises among its attractions a "parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide." We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.

The latest device of the Church Sociable committee is to raise the temperature of the room to the roasting point in order to augment the sale of ice cream. It has been tried on the Colby university boys and works first rate.

"I don't know how it is," said the expressman, "but ever since our town went no licence, more'n half my packages are marked, 'Glass, handle with care.' I'm getting sick of it. I can't load or unload in twice the time I used to."

"Hm! Indians eat dogs," said a white youth in a slight quarrel with his Indian playmate. "Sshaw! White men eat oysters, ugh! No good! And crabs, too," remonstrated the little redman, drawing up his mouth to suit the occasion.

Absent-Minded Man (in a bobtail car): Conductor, I think I dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickel. Street Car Driver: Well, sit down in the corner and ride it out. I'm very busy just now, and can't be bothered.

Aspiring Author: Of course you are fond of poetry, are you not, Miss Whipperly? Miss Whipperly: My maid is, I believe; but let us talk of something serious; tell me all about the entries for the Rensselaer kennel club dog show next month.

"How's beef to-day, Sparrib?" enquired Mr. Upson Downes, airily. "High, eh?" "If you want it on credit, Mr. Downes," replied the butcher, sternly, "It's on a hook about eleven feet up the wall. But it'll come down for cash, if I whistle."

Old Mr. Bentley: "I see that the two perforated-seat chair manufactories in this town have consolidated and will hereafter do their work conjointly." Old Mrs. Bentley: "Yes, I s'pose one of 'em will make the seats and the other on 'em will make the holes."

They tell a good story of Ouida, the vitriolio author, at a swell English party. Mme. Patti was singing, and in the midst of her first bars Mme. Ouida spoke to her hostess. "Hush," said the lady of the house, "Patti is singing." "And I am speaking," said Ouida.

"I've got a complaint to make," said an office-boy to his employer. "What is it?" "The bookkeeper kicked me, sir. I don't want no bookkeeper to kick me." "Of course he kicked you! You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."

Street Car Driver: "Me and that off horse has been workin' for the company for twelve years now." Passenger: "That so. The company must think a great deal of you both." "Wall, I dunno; last wake the two of us was taken sick, and they got a docther for the horse, and docked me. Gid-ap, thare, now, Betsy."

Guest (attempting to carve): "What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow?" Waiter: "Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rocker, sah?" Guest (throwing up both hands): "That explains it, by George! I knew she was an old-timer, but had no idea she dated back there. Take'er away. I draw the line on the henhouse of the Mayflower."



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

EDWARD: "Be mine, Louise, and I will lead you through life like an angel."

LOUISE: "Indeed! That means with nothing to eat and nothing to wear! No, thank you."



A TACTICIAN.

MARIE: "Say, Edgar, you and your friends must have been carrying on shamefully last night, that you should have been told to go home by ten o'clock! How was that?"

EDGAR: "Nonsense! Who told you that story? We had our last game of whist at three o'clock this morning. But, why do you enquire?"

MARIE: "I only wanted to find out at what hour you got home this morning."

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